



Dead Passion's Flame

A Pome by Blank Frailty

Ah, Passion, like a voice - that buds!
With many thorns...that sharply stick:
Recalls to me the longing of our bloods..
And - makes my wearied heart requick! ...

Arcadia

By Head Balledup

O give me the life of the Village,
Uninhibited, free, and sweet.
The place where the arts all flourish,
Grove Court and Christopher Street.

I am sick of the old conventions,
And critics who will not praise,
So sing ho for the open spaces,
And aesthetes with kindly ways.

Here every bard is a genius,
And artists are Raphaels,
And above the roofs of Patchin Place
The Muse of Talent dwells.

About this digital edition

This e-book comes from the online library [Wikisource](#). This multilingual digital library, built by volunteers, is committed to developing a free accessible collection of publications of every kind: novels, poems, magazines, letters...

We distribute our books for free, starting from works not copyrighted or published under a free license. You are free to use our e-books for any purpose (including commercial exploitation), under the terms of the [Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 Unported](#) license or, at your choice, those of the [GNU FDL](#).

Wikisource is constantly looking for new members. During the transcription and proofreading of this book, it's possible that we made some errors. You can report them at [this page](#).

The following users contributed to this book:

- Pathosbot
- Cneubauer
- Danny~enwikisource